

CDC
COWBOY WESTERN

Nº 49

COWBOY

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

WESTERN

10¢



GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STOP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SMOKE

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE
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CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDERWEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED 'SERENITY'

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STATE

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

CONVOY SYSTEMS

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THE RIVALRY TO DATE YOUNG BESS GROWN SO FEROCIOUS THAT ONE DRY FROG FENWICK INVITED THE CONTESTANTS TO THE RANCH...



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THE RING COMPLETED THE BRASS COINTEGRITY MOVED ON TO THE NEXT TEST...

J-JEFF SHATTERED TWO OF THE CLAY TARGETS!

I TOLD YOU TO BREAK ALL OF 'EM! NOT ONE OF YOU SIDEWINDERS MEASURES UP TO MY REQUIREMENTS! NO NEED FOR ME TO TEST YOUR COURAGE...YOU'RE ALL FLUNKED!

BLAM!
BLAM!

THEN, ONE DAY, A MONTH LATER...

WHERE YOU GOIN' GOOD LOOKIN' ? COMERE... GIVIN' A U/L KISS!

T-TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU DRUNKEN PIG!

I-LET GO... OR I'LL SCREAM FOR THE MARSHAL!

HER NEW! THASS WHAT I LIKE... A GAL WITH SPUNK! CATCH... PUCKER UP!

K-HEY! W-WHO SENT FOR... UGHHH!

THE U/L LADY ASKED YOU TO LEGGO. STRANGER: YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO HEAR 'ER!

THANK YOU, KIND SIR! NOT MANY MEN WOULD HAVE THE NERVE TO SVING AT TEX. SHANE WHO ARE YOU?

NAME'S DON MORGAN. I...AH...CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO FIND THE "DRAWING-Y" SPREAD? I GOT A JOB WAITING FOR ME THERE!

I'M HEADED OFF THERE MYSELF, STRANGER! WE'LL RIDE OUT TOGETHER...AND TALK! I-IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE TALKED TO A REAL MAN!



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THE DRIVE PASSED SUCCESSFULLY FOR BESS AND LON. THEN, FINALLY, FRED PENNICK DECIDED TO STEP IN...



"...AND YOU BEEN SEEING BESS TOO OFTEN, MORGAN! I TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT TRIPLE-TEST OF MINE... YOU GOT THE GUTS TO GAMBLE ON PASSING IT? IF YOU FAIL, YOU'RE OUT OF A JOB!"

"I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES, MR. PENNICK! WHEN DO I START?"



"MORGAN'S A GOOD HOSSEMAN... BUT HE'LL NEVER STAY ON THAT HUNK O' LIGHTNING! NO ONE EVER HAS!"

"I-LIKE YOU SAY, PA... IF HE'S GOT TO TAKE HIS CHANCES LIKE ALL THE REST!"



"YIPPEE!!! STICK TO 'IM, LON! ANOTHER MINUTE AND YOU GOT 'IM BEAT!"

"I-I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE IT! EVEN I NEVER STUCK ON THAT HOSSE SO LONG!"



"GUESS THE BOY SORTA TOOK THE WIND OUTTA YOUR SAILS, BOSS! HE SURE TRYED DYNAMITE... EVEN AN OLD WOMAN COULD RIDE THAT HAG NOW!"

"ONLY ONE THIRD OF THE WIND OUTTA YOUR SHORTY! LET'S SEE HOW GOOD MORGAN IS WITH A GUN!"



"THE TARGETS IS READY, BOSS! GOT 'EM ALL STACKED UP, READY TO GOSS!"

"GOOD, SAG SAM... I'LL GIVE YOU THE WORD AS SOON AS I'M READY! HERE'S YOUR GUN, MORGAN... THIS TEST ISN'T AS EASY AS RIDING THAT SWAY-BACKED OLD HAG!"



"OKAY, SAG SAM... START FLIPPING THEM TARGETS! AND THROW 'EM UP FAST... THIS YOUNG RIF THING HERE GOOD WITH A SMOKEPOLE!"

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E-EVERY ONE OF THE TARGETS...H-HE BUSTED 'EM ALL! I INCRED...ER...NOT BAD, SON! COURSE IF COULD A DONE BETTER, BUT...UH...NOT RIGHT NOW!



STARTLED THAT LOU MORGAN HAD PASSED THE FIRST TWO PARTS OF HIS TEST, FRED FEWICK NOW PREPARED TO TEST THE YOUNG MAN'S COURAGE...

I'LL NEED A LITTLE TIME TO DOPE OUT A TEST OF YOUR BRAVERY, MORGAN! SOMETHING THAT'LL TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE...NOT GIVE YOU ANY CHANCE TO PREPARE FOR IT...



HOLD ON THERE...STOP THEM, BOSSSES! OBEY...OR THE THREE OF YOU'LL COME DOWN WITH LEAD POISONING!

P-PR...A YOU'LLA MASKED BANDITS! AND WE DON'T HAVE A SINGLE GUN WITH US!



STRETCH, GENTS... LET'S SEE YOUR HANDS 'TROUGH THEM CLOUDS! AND DON'T MAKE ANY FUNNY MOVES...I GOT AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER!

B-BETTER DO WHAT HE SAYS, MORGAN! N-NOTHING WE CAN DO TO STOP 'EM! ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD RISK HIS NECK TO STOP THEM...



N-WATCH OUT, MORGAN! THIS IS NO TIME TO PROVE YOUR BRAVERY...

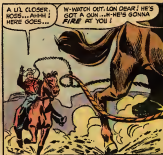


G-GET OFFA ME, YOU DUMS HYENA! THIS IS ONLY A... ARGHHH!

ONLY A KIDNAPPING, EH? THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU...AND IN A FEW MINUTES YOUR PAL'S GONNA BE TIED UP ALONGSIDE YOU!



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RETURNING TO THE RANCH, FRED FENWICK SPOKE THE NATEFUL WORDS...



I R-ECKON YOU'VE SHOWED YOU GOT COURAGE, MORGAN...AND YOU'VE PASSED THE REST OF MY TRIPLE-TEST, TOO! YOU'RE FREE TO COURT BESS... IF SHE WANTS YOU TO!

YOU BET I WANT 'IM TO, PA! BUT RIGHT NOW I GOTTA SEE SOMEONE FOR A FEW MINUTES!

M-ME, TOO! E-EXCUSE ME, MR. FENWICK!



FEW MINUTES LATER...IN THE BUNKHOUSE...

HERE'S THE MONEY I PROMISED YOU, SHORTY! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO CALM DYNAMITE DOWN ENOUGH FOR ME TO RIDE 'IM...BUT YOU DID!

A COUPA PILLS DID IT! HE LOOKED LIKE HE WAS FULLA SPUNK...BUT HE WAS REAL GENTLE...FOR DYNAMITE!



AT THE SAME TIME, A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY...

HERE'S YOUR REWARD, SAAH! YOU DID A GOOD JOB WITH THOSE CLAY TARGETS...

I'LL NAPTAN SPUT THIS NITH SOME OF THE OTHER BOYS, BESS BESS! THEY WERE SHOOTIN' AT THEM TARGETS...TO MAKE SURE THEY ALL GOT BUSTED!



THAT EVENING, WHILE BESS FENWICK IS TRANSFORMING HERSELF...

WHY'D YOU GETTIN' ALL DRESSED UP FOR, BESS? A DANCE, OR JUST CELEBRATING MORGAN'S PASSING THE TRIPLE-TEST?

LOVE'S CALLING FOR ME IN A FEW MINUTES, PA...WE'RE RIDING INTO TOWN TOGETHER...TO THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE!



J-JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, EH? MADE UP YOUR MIND AWWL FAST, DIDN'T YOU? DON'T KNOW IF I'LL GIVE MY PERMISSION...HAD SO MUCH FUN I THINK I'LL DREAM UP THREE MORE TESTS FOR MORGAN TO PASS! YEP...ANOTHER TRIPLE TEST!



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NO YOU DON'T, YOU OLD OGRE! YOU MADE THAT SNEET BOY SWEAT ENOUGH...IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GET SOME LUMPS!

W-WATCH OUT, BESS...T-TWAT THING'S HEAVY!



I'M GONNA MARRY SON MORGAN WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT! I DON'T NEED YOUR PERMISSION ...BUT I BETTER HAVE IT ...!

Y-YOU GOT IT, MONEY! PUT DOWN THOSE ...OWWWW!



NEXT TIME I SEE YOU, PA, I'LL BE MRS. LON MORGAN!

S-GOODBYE, DAUGHTER! I-I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW HE PASSED ALL **THREE** TESTS ...BUT SOMEHOW HE DID!



S-SHE GONE, MR. PENWICK? WE HEARD AN ARGUMENT IN HERE AND ...

COME IN...AND HURRY! I SORE HO ONE SAW YOU SHANE ...EVERYONE'LL THINK I'VE GONE SOFT-HEADED AS WELL AS SOFT-HEARTED!



T-THAT KIDNAPPING DIDN'T GO OFF QUITE LIKE WE PLANNED IT, MR. PENWICK! I WOULDN'T BLAME YOU IF YOU BACKED OUT ...

I PAID YOU TO MAKE THE BOY LOOK **GOOD**... AND YOU **DID**! NOW BESS THINKS HE'S A REAL HERO...AND SHE'S MARRYING HIM! JUST WHAT I WANTED!



HOW HE PASSED MY SHOOTING AND RIDING TESTS I'LL NEVER KNOW! BUT IF HE THINKS HIS TROUBLES ARE OVER, HE'S **CRAZY**! THAT GAL OF MINE GUESS HAS A NIFTY ROM...ER...**TEMPER**! LON MORGAN'S **REAL** TEST IS JUST BEGINNING!



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MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR **ROCKY LANE**

EVEN THE BLOODTHIRSTY FOUR-FOOTED KILLERS CLOSED IN ON THE FRIGHTENED, LEADERLESS MUST-HOBS **BLACK JACK**... THE GREAT HEARTED STALLION... COURAGEOUSLY USED HIMSELF AS A DECOY IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE HERD OF HORSES FROM...

THE DEADLY WOLF-PACK!

(A BLACK JACK STORY)



ON HIS WAY TO THE NEXT ASSIGNMENT, THE FEARLESS UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE, JOINS A BAND OF COMMANDS RESTING UP FROM A ROUNDUP. SUDDENLY...

W-WHAT IN TARNATION'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THE CAVES IN THE SOUTH PASS! H-HOPE IT ISN'T A LOBO RUNNING WILD THROUGH THE HERD...



IT'S A WOLF, ALL RIGHT! AND THAT HOSS OF YOURS IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR SURE DEATH! AIN'T A HAW ALINE CAN TANGLE WITH A TIMBER WOLF!



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GOOD SHOOTING, ROCKY! THAT BULLET OF YOURS SAVED YER PONY'S LIFE!

I WOULDN'T BET A PLUGGED NICKEL ON THAT, BOYS! YOU DON'T KNOW BLACK JACK WHEN HE GETS ROUSED!



HE SURE ENOUGH STOMPED THAT WOLF INTO JELLY, ROCKY! BUT IF YOU HADN'T FIRED...



BLACK JACK WOULD'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE LOBO IN HIS OWN WAY! SUMMER DOWN, OLD PARD, WHILE I TELL THE BOYS A STORY ABOUT YOU!

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, BEFORE BLACK JACK AND I BECAME PARTNERS, HE WAS ONE OF A HERD OF WILD MUSTANGS. DRIVING FROM A STREAM, AFTER A HARD RUN, ONE DAY, WHILE THE OLD LEADER WAITED FOR STRAGGLERS TO CATCH UP...



THE BRAVE OLD LEADER ROARED OUT HIS WARNING... ONE OF THE HERD WAS BEING ATTACKED! BLACK JACK AND SEVERAL OTHER YOUNG SALLIONS THUNDERED OFF BEHIND THEIR CHIEF...



WHAT THEY SAW WAS A SCENE OF BRUTAL MURDER... A HUGE WOLF WAS SHAKING TEARING APART A WEED-OLD COLT...



DISMAYED... THROUGHS CAUTION TO THE WINDS... THE OLD LEADER LUNCHED FORWARD, AT THE HATED ENEMY! WHAT HE HADN'T SEEN...



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"...WERE THE SHADOWS LURKING CLOSE BY! THE OLD LEADER WHIRLED, HEAVENED IN ON ALL SIDES BY FEROCIOUS TIMBER WOLVES!"



"WHILE THE OTHER STALLIONS HESITATED IN FEAR, BLACK JACK HURTTED TO THE AID OF HIS LEADER. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE, AS RAZOR-SHARP FANGS PLUNGED HOME WITH DEADLY EFFECT!"



"SURROUNDED BY THE DEADLY HOU-FRICK, BLACK JACK, RAILED TO SEE THE OTHER STALLIONS RETREATING. ONLY HE AND THE DYING LEADER FOUGHT ON!"



"AMBUSHED AS HE WAS BY THE BLOODTHIRSTY WOLF-FRICK, BLACK JACK'S COURAGEOUS FIGHT COULDN'T BEEN HIS LAST, BUT AT THAT MOMENT..."



"...A SHRIEK MADE HIM WHIRL ATTENTIVELY, A FRIGHTENING THOUGHT RACED THROUGH HIS MIND...THE HERD WAS BEING ATTACKED DOWN BY THE CREEK!"



"THE HERD WAS WITHOUT A LEADER AND SO BLACK JACK WHIRLED AND THUNDERED TOWARD THE CREEK, SCATTERING HIS ATTACKERS BY THE FURY OF HIS CHARGE!"



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"BLACK JACK'S WHINNY WARNED THE REST OF THE HERD...SLOWLY IT BEGAN TO RETREAT ACROSS THE STREAM, WHILE THE WOLVES CLOSED IN ON THE GREAT-HEARTED STALLION!"



"FOR SEVERAL MINUTES BLACK JACK'S HOOPS WREARIED HAWK ON THE SHARLING KILLERS, THEN, SEEING THAT THE REST OF THE HERD HAD CROSSED THE STREAM, HE FOUGHT FREE!"



"UP INTO THE ROCKY CLIFFS THE SWIFT HORSES ROARED, BUT THE HERD WAS UNABLE TO LOSE ITS MURDEROUS PURSUERS!"



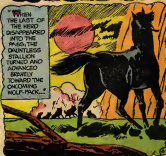
"THE FRIGHTENED HERD THUNDERED OFF, FOLLOWING THEIR NEW LEADER, AND CLOSE BEHIND THEM CAME THE KILL-CRATED WOLF-PACK!"



"THE MUSTANGS WERE TRYING FIRST...AND THE WOLF-PACK WAS CLOSING IN RESILENTLESSLY...WHEN GREAT-HEARTED BLACK JACK LED THE HERD INTO A SECRET PASS!"



"WHEN THE LAST OF THE HERD DISAPPEARED INTO THE PASS, THE DAUNTLESS STALLION TURNED AND ADVANCED BRAVELY TOWARD THE ONCOMING WOLF-PACK..."



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"BLACK JACK'S WHINNY SLASHED THROUGH THE AIR, AND THE RAPIDOUS WOLF-PACK YEERED, ITS ATTENTION FOCUSED ON THE COURAGEOUS DEICON!"



"ALONG A NARROW LEDGE, HIGH ABOVE A RUSHING STREAM, THE DEADLY PURSUIT CONTINUED..."



"...THEN, SUDDENLY, A CRAGGY WALL YEERED UP, BLOCKING ALL FURTHER ADVANCE FOR BLACK JACK! THE SNARLING PACK CLOSED IN..."



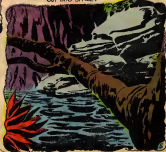
"WITH A RESOUNDING SPLASH BLACK JACK HIT THE RUSHING WATER BELOW! BUT THE CHASE WAS NOT YET OVER, FOR THE KILL-MADDED WOLF-PACK LEAPED AFTER HIM!"



"...AND AS THE HUGE LEAD WOLF SLASHED OUT WITH HIS DEADLY CLAWS, THE BRAVE STALLION LEAPED FAR OUT INTO SPACE!"



"TRUGGLING IN THE FAST-RUSHING WATER, BLACK JACK HICED SWIFTLY DOWNSTREAM, STILL PURSUED BY THE SAVAGE KILLERS! BUT AHEAD OF HIM, UNSEEN..."



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"DOOMED A ROARING WATERFALL! TOO LATE TO STOP, THE GREAT-HEARTED STALLION WAS SUCKED INTO THE Maelstrom!"



"DOWN HE CRASHED, HEAD OVER HEELS! THEN, SOMEHOW AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MIGHTY CASCADE, BLACK JACK SURFACED, GASPING FOR AIR! BEHIND HIM, THE SAVAGE WOLF PACK WAS FOLLOWING AND SCREAMS OF FRIGHT AND AGONY!"



"THE AIR WAS SPLIT BY THE SHRIEKS OF DYING ANIMALS! THEN, AS THE CORPSES OF DROWNED AND CRUSHED WOLVES FLOATED BY LIFELESSLY, BLACK JACK WEARILY CLIMBED FROM THE WATERY ORGUE!"

"ALMOST TOO WEAK TO MOVE, THE STOUT HEARTED STALLION STUMBLED AWAY, THEN, UNSHOWN BY HIM, THE BATTERED LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK SLITHERED TO THE SHORE... CREPT STEADILY ONTO DRY LAND!"



"STEP BY STEP THE MURDEROUS LOBO FOLLOWED HIS PREY! THEN, AS HE CLOSED IN FOR THE KILL..."

"...AND HIS RISE BODY LAUNCHED IN A MURDEROUS LEAP! ON THE GREAT STALLION'S BACK, DEADLY CLAWS SLASHED LIKE LIGHTNING!"



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"WITH A ROAR, BLACK JACK WHIRLED AND BUCKED PRACTICALLY! THE KILLER'S SAVAGE HOLD LOOSENED... THE WOLF LEADER WAS HURLED INTO THE AIR!"



"EVEN BEFORE THE WOLF HAD CRASHED TO THE GROUND, THE GREAT STALLION WAS (UPON HIM) INTO THE AIR HE REARED IN RAGE, HIS DEADLY HOOPS GLINTING IN THE SUNLIGHT!"



"DOWN HIS HOOF SLASHED! AGAIN AND AGAIN HE STAMPED ON THE WATED ENEMY...DRIVING THE LIFE FROM THE SHATTERED BODY OF THE WOLF LEADER!"



"BUT WREAK FROM HIS GREAT FIGHT, THE STALLION SLOWLY RETURNED TO THE SECRET PASS, WHERE..."



"FEARFULLY AT FIRST, THEN WITH MOUNTAIN JOY, THE MUSTANG HERD CREEPT FROM ITS HIDING PLACE."

"WITH ADORATION THE HORSES NIZZLED THEIR NEW LEADER, AND SAVIOR!"



"AND THAT'S THE STORY, BOYS! ANY WONDER, NOW, WHY BLACK JACK WATES THE VERY SAKIT OF A KILLER LOBO?"

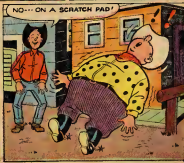
"W-WELL, I'LL BE SKINNED! TOOK CARE OF THE WHOLE PACK...ALL BY HIMSELF! NO WONDER YUH WOULDN'T TAKE NO AMOUNT OF MONEY FER THAT HOSS, ROCKY! HE'S A ONE-HOSS MARVEL!"



The End

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WAGONWHEELS --- PADS HIS PART!



SALTED TRAIL

The two men came to the county line and crossed it.

Ten yards beyond, they turned and glanced back at the marker and heaved a sigh of relief. Almost immediately the care-worn, hunted look appeared on their faces.

One of them was a murderer, wanted in several counties in another state. The other, an escaped thief, had a ten-year sentence hanging over his head.

"There's no rest for the wicked," Tad Wadro said ironically. "We ain't had two hours sleep in two nights."

Clem Cadjin nodded wryly.

"The wicked," he mused. "Well, that's us, right enough."

"I'm gettin' kinda tired of bein' hunted like a mad dog," Wadro said wearily. "But I guess there's no gain' back now."

"Not unless we give up," Cadjin remarked, and glanced 'round the great basin of the Greenrock Rim. "Ever had any real regrets, Tad?"

"Sure," Tad Wadro replied. "All I know is, honest men don't spend their nights on the fly, one step ahead of a noose. They sleep, and when they get up with the sun, they eat." He stopped his belly hungrily. "But it's too late for that; too late for us."

Clem nodded drearily.

"I was readin' a book couple of months ago by that feller Sam Clemens — think they call him Mark Twain, too. He was out here 'round the time the Comstock Silver Lode was discovered. He was sayin' murder and thievin' are terrible things. Once you start on murder and thievin', he says, the next thing you stop bein' kind to the poor, then you're disrespectful to your Maw and Paw and finally you sink so low you stop sayin' your prayers!"

"How-how! That's right funny?" Tad Wadro exploded in laughter. "Why he's a real humorist, he is." Almost immediately, however, the laughter died out. His face became sad. "Trouble is, I began the other way 'round. I stopped sayin' my prayers and wound up murderin'."

"Same here," Clem began, soberly. "I reckon humor is one way of tellin' us the truth. Reckon that feller Mark Twain will go far." He paused suddenly and cocked an ear. "You hear anything?" he said "like hoofbeats?"

Wadro listened.

"Now," he said. "We left that posse in San Pedro twenty miles behind. We're over the

county line now, anyway." He glanced at his partner. "We gotta get money soon, Clem. Plenty of it. With dough we can cross into Mexico and live like kings. Without it we're sunk . . . Whup!" Instantly a six-gun had appeared in his hand. There was a neat click as he drew back the hammer.

"I told you I heard hoofbeats," Clem said.

"Mulebeats," Tad remarked scornfully.

They watched the old man leading the mule come over the rim. He paused, irresolute, for an instant, then came toward them.

"Looks like a prospector," Clem said. "No money on the likes 'a them."

"Sometimes, though," Tad said thoughtfully. "Reckon he's lonely and wants to talk." He released the hammer and put his gun away. "We'll talk — and see if he's got anything worth grabbin'."

"Howdy, strangers!" the old man said, as he came up.

They noted the prospector's equipment slung over the mule and looked at each other, nodding secretly.

"Hit anything, pard?" Tad remarked amiably. His eyes were on the canvas bag hung on the mule's rump.

The old man chuckled.

"In forty years just once, gents, couple of weeks ago, but . . ."

"In that bag?" Tad asked, gently.

"That's right, but . . ."

The next instant he was looking into the muzzle of Tad Wadro's six-shooter.

"Unload that mule," Wadro said.

"Alright," the old man said, looking at them strangely. He pulled on a single rope, and everything dropped off the mule's back.

"Get on that mule and ride north," Wadro said. He squeezed a bit of menace into his voice. "And if you look back once until you're a hundred miles away . . ."

"Right, gents, right," the old prospector said briskly. "I know when I'm not wanted socially." He glanced at them and rode off.

"You think he'll . . ." Clem began.

"Of course he will," Tad Wadro said. "We gotta work fast." He was already off his horse, examining the big canvas bag. "I got an idea, if only . . ." He pulled a couple of rocks out of the bag and glanced at them closely.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" he breathed.

Clem stared at the rocks, goggle-eyed.

"Silver ore!" he said, his eyes as big as saucers.

"Silver ore!" Tad repeated. "A pretty thick

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vein, too!"

"Let's get 'im!" Clem said heatedly. He began scrambling toward his horse. "That vein of silver's two inches wide!"

"Wait a minute!" Tad cried.

"Wait for what?" Clem said impatiently.

"It wouldn't matter if the vein was six inches wide, or if the mine that old geezek discovered was worth forty billion dollars!"

"Why?"

Tad's eyes were sad, before he answered.

"Because we got no time!" he said. "You forgot there's a posse on the other side of that county line? Now listen to me. I got an idea. Forty mile south from here is silver country!"

"Silver country that's played out — like the Comstock Lode!" Clem said.

"Okay," Tad said. "You're right. But what's to stop us ridin' into Grassville, stakin' a claim, shawin' this ore to the assayer and claimin' we got it from some played-out mine around Grassville. New, rich veins aren't unusual. We could sell the claim quick for twenty-thousand and skedaddle into Mexico."

Clem looked dubious for a moment.

"Might be risky," he said.

"You got any better idea?" Tad Wadro asked, and when Clem said no, gathered up the ore in the bag, tied it to his saddle-bow and hung some of the old prospector's implements near it, just for local color. Then both men rode on toward Grassville.

Outside of the town they picked out an abandoned mine, dropped some of the rich ore down the pit just in case they were called on to show where they got it. After that they rode up to the assayer's office. Enough small dribbles of low-grade silver ore were still being dug out of the Grassville Lode to keep the assay office at work. They left the ore samples at the office and started to make the rounds of the bars. At each they managed to drop a few hints of their find — the find now being analyzed at the assay office.

Surrounded, at last, by a small crowd, Tad and Clem allowed themselves to be questioned.

"Where'd you find that ore?" one waddy asked.

"Hereabouts," Clem said, smiling. "Findin' out just where will cost twenty-thousand dollars."

A big rancher pushed his way forward eagerly.

"If your samples assay high, I'll pay you twenty-thousand dollars right out of the Grassville bank — in cash!"

Tad and Clem grinned at each other in triumph.

They headed back to the assay office with the rancher, the crowd of excited spectators following. As they entered the office, the assayer put down his jeweler's eyeglass and shoved aside the chemicals he'd tested the ore with.

"Assay's very high," he said. "In fact, it's a pure vein of silver!" He paused. "You sure you found it 'round Grassville?"

"Just outside the town!" Tad said loudly.

"Like I told you!"

"It's a deal, then!" the rancher said excitedly. "I'll pay you your money now!"

"Wait a minute," the assayer said. He pulled out a gun and covered Tad and Clem. Both men jumped back in alarm.

"What the devil do you mean?" Tad roared.

"You're sellin' a claim under false pretenses!" the assayer continued. "You were lyin' when you said you got that silver 'round here. Grassville ore, like the Comstock Silver Lode, is always mixed in with tiny quantities of gold. And this is pure silver ore!"

"Well, wherever it was found, it's still worth plenty!" Clem said.

"But it ain't yours!" the assayer cried. "Get the Sheriff, Pete!" he said to the rancher, who ran outside. "I recognized those ore samples. An old prospector brought 'em in yesterday. He found a rich vein a hundred miles north — after forty years search. But it petered out fast. He just wanted to be sure he'd really found silver, even if there wasn't any more left. You two rock-heads must have stolen the ore from him. Anyway, the Sheriff will find out!"

Clem glanced helplessly at Tad. An investigation would turn up all the murders of Wadro, all Cadjin's thieveries. Everything would come out. No rest for the wicked, they thought — except on a rope.

"What you mumblin'?" Tad asked glumly.

"My prayers," Clem said.

The End

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 14, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1933, AUTHORITY DERIVED FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS, THIS ISSUE WILL BE OPENED FOR THE WEEK-END BEGINNING MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1934.

1. The names and addresses of the publishers, editors, managing editors, and business managers are:

Publisher: Edward Lewis, New Haven, Conn.

Editor: George Lewis, New Haven, Conn.

Managing Editor: John Lewis, New Haven, Conn.

2. The name of the printer, the name and address of the printer, and the name and address of the publisher, are:

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3. The name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher: Edward Lewis, New Haven, Conn.

Editor: George Lewis, New Haven, Conn.

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Edward Lewis, New Haven, Conn. (Publisher)
George Lewis, New Haven, Conn. (Editor)
John Lewis, New Haven, Conn. (Managing Editor)

4. The names and addresses of the publishers, editors, managing editors, and business managers are:

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Publisher: Edward Lewis, New Haven, Conn.

Editor: George Lewis, New Haven, Conn.

Managing Editor: John Lewis, New Haven, Conn.

COWBOY WESTERN

MOLASSES MOUTH



PUTS HIS FOOT INTO IT!



COWBOY WESTERN

WHEN THE CRANFORD FAMILY WAS SLAUGHTERED AT THEIR FARM, A BLOODY WAR OF VENGEANCE SEEMED READY TO BREAK OUT AGAINST THE MURAKI TRIBE. THEN A STRANGER RODE INTO LONE PINE...INTO THE MIDST OF A TOWN BEING SPURRED ON TO MASS-MURDER BY A...

CRY FOR REVENGE

with **GOLDEN ARROW!**



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

T-HEY RODE UP...JEE...THOUGHT THEY WAS FRIENDLY! B-BUT THEY KILLED EVERYONE... WIFE...KIDS...ALL OF US! T-TOOK US BY SURPRISE...MURAKI...F-FOUR MURAKI...INJUNS...



HE'S DEAD!

BUT HE GOT HERE IN TIME TO TELL US WHO DONE IT! THEM DARTY MURAKI INJUNS...THEY BUTCHERED THE WHOLE CRANFORD FAMILY, LIKE POOR JEEB SAID!



ARE WE GONNA STAND HERE AND LET THEM LOUSY REDSKINS KILL OUR NEIGHBORS? MEBBE YOU GUYS ARE TOO LIZ-LYERED TO PROTECT YOURSELVES...BUT LEN 'GLASSO'S GONNA PROTECT THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN! I SAY RIDE THE MURAKI...DRIVE 'EM OFF THE PLAINS! WHO'S WITH ME?



I'LL GO WITH YOU, GLASSO! WE GOTTA TEACH THEM REDSKINS A LESSON! A MAN'S KID - FOLK AIN'T SAFE WITH THEM KILLIN' AND BURNIN'!

HOLD ON, BOYS! IT'S NOT RIGHT TO GO RIDING OFF TO FLEETFOOT'S VILLAGE AND START SHOOTING BEFORE YOU KNOW FOR SURE WHO DID THE MURDERIN'!



YOU SUGGESTIN' WE JUST SIT AROUND AND WAIT FOR THE INJUNS TO MURDER ALL OF US?

NOT AT ALL, MR. GLASSO! BUT THE ONLY DRES YOU'RE INTERESTED IN GETTING ARE THE KILLERS, RIGHT?



GIVE ME A CHANCE TO BRING BACK THE KILLERS...WHOMEVER THEY ARE...BY SUNUP TO-MORROW MORNIN'. ARE THERE TWO MEN HERE WILLING TO RIDE TO THE MURAKI VILLAGE WITH ME?

ME TOO! MY OWN WIFE'S A CRANFORD!

I'LL GO! JEEB WAS MY COUSIN!



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

MURDERED TRUSSING THEIR CAPTIVES, GOLDEN ARROW AND HIS SIDEKICKS BRING THEM BACK TO LONE PINE... SILENTLY...

LET'S GET THESE WOULD-BE KILLERS TO THE MAYOR'S HOUSE... OUT OF SIGHT! THEN, AT SUNUP, WE'LL SHOW OUR CATCH TO THE FOLKS!



AS THE FIRST STREAKS OF SUNLIGHT ILLUMINATE THE TOWN OF LONE PINE, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

THAT STRANGER AND TWO OF OUR TOWNSMEN MUSTA BEEN AMBUSHED AND MURDERED BY THE MURKIN! THERE AINT A SIGN OF 'EM... NOW NO ONE CAN DOUBT WE GOTTA WIRE OUT THEM SNEAKY INJUNS!



THE RECKIN'S WE MURDERED FOR THE LAST TIME... NOW IT'S OUR TURN! WE'LL DRIVE 'EM OFF THEIR LANDS... KILL 'EM ALL! YOU WITH ME?

WE SURE ARE, CLAGG!

REVENGE!



YOU'LL GET YOUR VENGEANCE, BOYS... RIGHT HERE! I GOT THE MURDERERS BEFORE THEY COULD GET ME! NOW I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

GOLDEN ARROW! T-THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE S-STILL ALIVE!

I'M STILL BREATHING... NO THANKS TO THESE COYOTES! BRING THEM UP CLOSE, BOYS! SO EVERYONE CAN SEE! AFTER WE BROUGHT THEM BACK LAST NIGHT, WE CLEANED THEM UP A BIT, TO MAKE THEM NICE AND PRETTY!



QUICKLY YANKING THE MASKS OFF THE FACES OF HIS CAPTIVES, GOLDEN ARROW CREATES QUITE A STIR...

W-WHY... THAT'S...

T-THE FOUR OF THEM... ALL WORK FOR LEN CLAGG, JOE BRENT!



COWBOY WESTERN



THERE ARE THE FOUR SNAKES WHO SLAUGHTERED THE CRAWFORD FAMILY... AND THERE'S THE KILLER WHO PLOTTED THE WHOLE THING!



5-SHUT UP YOU IDIOT!

5-STOP!

RED SKIN!



UGH!

SPLAT!

I KNEW SOMEBODY WANTED YOU FOLKS TO THINK IT WAS MURAKI...SO YOU SEND OUT A MURDER PARTY! AND WHEW! IT WAS WOULD TRY TO KILL ME...AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE INDIANS DID IT!



THE ONLY THING I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WAS WHY ANYONE IN LONE PINE WOULD WANT TO WIFE OUT THE MURAKI! NOW I KNOW...IT WAS TO CHASE THE INDIANS OFF THEIR LAND! AND HERE I'VE WHY...IN THIS LITTLE BAG!



THE FIVE REDSKINS WE CAPTURED LAST NIGHT DECIDED TO TALK. THEY CONFESSED IT WAS ALL CLAGO'S IDEA...HE'D DISCOVERED THAT THE MURAKI LAND HAD SOMETHING HE WANTED! SINCE HE COULDN'T BUY THEIR LAND, HE DECIDED TO RUN THEM OFF IT, THEN MOVE IN AND TAKE OVER! WHAT HE WANTED WAS THE SILVER LOCATED THERE!



AIN'T YOU GONNA STAY AROUND FOR OUR U/L ROPE PARTY, GOLDEN ARROW? YOU ROUNDED UP THESE MURDERERS SHINE FOR US AND...

HO THANKS, FRIEND! I'M NOT...ER...WANDERING AROUND ANY LONGER! I HAVE A PEACEFUL DATE WITH CHIEF FLEETWOOD OF THE MURAKI TRIBE. WE'RE GOING RATTLE SNAKE HUNTING WITH OUR BARE HANDS!

TRADING P

COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

DUSTY IN THE SHORT CUT HAIRCUT!



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



Now! The Amazing Facts about

BALDNESS

...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to trust certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or alopecia, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from disease of the scalp.
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body.
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness).
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches).
5. Alopecia of the young (postmenstrual baldness).
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness).

Senile, postmenstrual and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two distinct forms with the following symptoms:

1. **DRY SEBORRHEA:** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A day or two dandruff is usually present with accompanying itching. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of the disease.

2. **OILY SEBORRHEA:** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Itchy is usually absent. Hair loss is minor with baldness at the end result.

Many doctors agree that to **NEGLECT** these symptoms of **DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA** is to invite **WIDESPREAD BALDNESS**.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — *Staphylococcus albus*, *Propionibacterium ovale*, and *Acne bacillus*.

These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and weaker until the hair infalls due. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration 1)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medical Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading toxicology laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medical Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medical Formula.



DISTRIBUTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES

Caused By Seborrhea

A = Dead hairs B = Hair-degenerating bacteria C = Hyperthrophied sebaceous glands D = Atrophic follicles

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions by Users of Comate Medical Formula

"My hair was coming out of my eyes and I lost everything. Nothing stopped it until I used Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better."
—Mrs. E.E.J., Birmingham, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff, my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used."
—W.H., Houston, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days that I used one of a very bad case of dry seborrhea."
—J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula."
—H.M., Jacksonville, Fla.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with a minimum."
—J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, my falling out has stopped. Will you be without Comate in the house."
—R.W., Louisville, Ky.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate."
—L.W.W., Columbia, Tenn.

"This formula is everything I did not mean that you say it is. I am just bayer with hair it's doing for my hair."
—T.J., Los Angeles, New Mexico.

"I feel it upon the arch and smooth the hair left. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itching."
—R.E.A., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has stopped so much."
—Mrs. J.L., Luben, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these happier men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, *every-day* or *over-night*—if you are troubled with *hair-loss* by increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medical Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTEE POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

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☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 plus postal charges.

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"T.M., Atlas' 'Top Winder.' 'You saved it the way you made me an Atlas Champion.'"



"A.N.—Kaiser—Atlas Cup Winner."



"I suppose my friends are eating their hearts out." — D.P., Ill."



"When I started your course I weighed only 145 lbs. Now weigh 190 lbs. — W.K., New York."



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